



THE New Republic

Quemoy—
Robertson's
Adventure

Page 4

Frank Lloyd Wright

A Conversation With Henry Brandon

Central Asian Journey *Robert North*

Culture and Anarchy. *Janet Winn*

A Hard Row to Hoe *Wilma Dykeman*

Irving Howe Reviews

BORIS PASTERNAK'S DR. ZHIVAGO

SEPTEMBER 8, 1958

25 cents



Washington Wire

Above the Battle

EISENHOWER fights Governor Faubus and at the same time gives him support. The Courts must be obeyed, he says, but he allows a suspicion to circulate that he questions the wisdom of the Courts. Isn't integration being pushed too fast?

Thus America's preachingest President has never, in four years, taken a stand on the moral issue of the unanimous Supreme Court decision ordering the beginning of the end of school desegregation. Now the Court is ruling on the latest Little Rock developments, but Eisenhower's ambiguous position is at the heart of the enforcement problem. The President's public stand is that he supports the Court out of compulsion, not necessarily conviction.

This really is a dreadful situation. Mr. Eisenhower's personal conviction is to be a hands-off (technically, "weak") President. He wants to be above the battle, the President of "all" the people. It's too late now to do anything about that. But he probably has a specific argument. He withheld condemnation of McCarthy, but let's see what happened to *him*! And in this instance doesn't he strengthen his hand with wavering Southerners by putting his contest with Faubus on the broad, unemotional issue of law-enforcement rather than on the angry ground of racial equality? Didn't Lincoln (he might ask) withhold attacking slavery at the outset for the broader target of supporting the Union?

The fallacy of this argument is: first, that the Court has already spoken; it cannot back down without a greater loss to our institutions than anything the President apprehends; and second, that this is first and last a moral issue. It is impossible and absurd to try to separate the moral from the enforcement issue. Southern segregationists already know in their hearts that they are fighting a losing battle. The question isn't

"whether" anymore, but "how long." Unless Eisenhower plainly and unequivocally supports the Court's recision on moral grounds, the use of force against force in Little Rock is self-defeating. This is an issue in which jurisprudence and morals cannot be separated. By abdicating his chief Presidential functions—the creation and guidance of public opinion—Eisenhower isolates the Court, isolates dismayed liberals in the South, and aids the man he is supposed to be fighting.

Provoking Peking

TENSION shifts quickly from the Middle East to the Far East as developments recall the three unstable elements of our foreign policy: 1) we decline to reduce our ambitious commitments around the world although technical changes make these increasingly difficult to fulfil; 2) we solidify the Peking-Moscow axis by airily pretending that a nation with a quarter of the world's population does not exist and decline to recognize Red China or make any concessions that might serve to detach her from Moscow, thereby leaving the initiative entirely with Moscow to try to detach us from our Allies. And 3) we refrain—or decline—as a nation to make the sacrifices necessary to keep us ahead of Moscow in missile warfare, though our lag has been solemnly and repeatedly spelled out.

Any one of these questionable policies may, perhaps, be justified by itself, but the three together are radically contradictory.

Few people realize the provocative nature of our support of Nationalist China in Quemoy and Matsu. These are not geographical parts of the island of Formosa, they are 100 or so miles away, lying right off the Red mainland like stationary aircraft carriers, blocking use of the two big harbors of Amoy and Foochow. Quemoy occupies the relative role of Sandy Hook, say, to New York City.

Whether or not the Chinese really feel the presence of the Nationalists so nearby

puts them in danger, as some believe, one can't say, but it's an anomaly indeed—a nation of 10 million on the front porch of one of 625 million and our policy is frozen to the little one. When Senators Kennedy and Fulbright at the last of Congress pointed to such commitments as this, and our weakening military position, the Administration sent in good, gray Saltonstall to warn that if we worried too much we might fall into a mood of "psycho-surrender." There is nothing so reassuring as a Madison Avenue phrase.

Tick-Tock

FOR SOME REASON this reminds us of the clock that dominated the camp mantelpiece where we recently sojourned for a month's vacation, and whose striking never succeeded in making sense. It struck one hour while pointing to another, and neither of these coincided with the sun. The hands of an ordinary clock are easy to adjust, but those of this veteran from the New Haven clock company were geared direct to the wheels, so the only resource was to let it sit until Time caught up. Since it ran only intermittently anyway this attempt was abandoned. The loose hour-hand lost five minutes on ascent and regained it coming down. An unused, patented alarm mechanism never functioned. Altogether an unusual clock.

And yet when I proposed its abandonment, I was surprised at the universal protest. And it somehow won our attachment. It was certainly registering the hours of some spot on earth: intricate calculations were supposed to divine its meaning. True, hands and voice did not coincide, but was not that true of some politicians? Certainly it had a fine presence. It had a reassuring, resonant tick-tock that gave confidence in the night. It was not what it said, but the way of saying it. Its voice was authoritative and didactic. It delivered its Message with a vibrant, mellow tone that won universal regard. One had the feeling that it was a well-meaning, earnest clock, and if the clichés and platitudes which it muttered did not keep time, they were at least timeless. Some day that long silent alarm might ring—who can tell? Yes, we all agreed, it had a fine presence and deserved universal support in its difficult role in spite of any minor physical handicaps.

T.R.B.

The New Republic
A JOURNAL OF OPINION



1244 19TH ST., N.W.
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

VOL. 139, No. 10, ISSUE 2286
SEPTEMBER 8, 1958

THE WEEK 3

Without Eisenhower; Southern Resistance; Robertson's Adventure; Leave the Rascals In; "Plow-Rattling" in Russia; Inflation and Recession; Before the Storm; The Security Program

ARTICLES 9

Mr. Dooley on Indirect Aggression
Central Asian Journey
by Robert C. North
"Flat on Our Faces"
by Henry Brandon

BOOKS 16

MOVIES 23

Pictures: page 13, Sovfoto; page 15, Karsh
Ottawa

GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. RUSKIN, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller

Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed to newsstands by the Eastern News Company, N. Y. 14, N. Y. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25¢; Yearly subscription, \$8.00; Foreign, \$9.00. Armed Forces personnel or students, \$5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses. Copyright, 1958, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.

A Communication

► The Path of the Avalanche

SIRS:

LOUIS J. HALLE recently (August 18) used the pages of the *New Republic* to claim that the failures of American foreign policy stem from the failings of the "conservative mind," from its refusal to recognize the currents of history,

(Continued on page 23)

Without Eisenhower

IT WAS NOT EASY at the President's latest press-conference—it never is—to disentangle his meaning from his inimitable prose. But it was generally accepted that the President had said he wished the process of school integration would go more slowly than it has been going. Thus Mr. Eisenhower, pledged to resist, with force if necessary, the designs of Governor Faubus and his mobs, played right into their hands. Thus the peerless general strengthened the fortifications of the position that tomorrow he must assault.

How is one to characterize such a performance? Have we ever seen its like before, even in this Administration?

There is no need to dwell at any length on the moral obtuseness of the President's views. What is in issue this year is the admission of seven Negro children in Little Rock, one in a new district and a handful elsewhere in North Carolina, a handful in Texas, a handful in Virginia. In state after state of the deep South not the slightest change will occur. Granting that there are difficulties, granting that the onus of the situation rests on us all and that no one should want to punish the South for its history, can this be considered too fast? Only if one fails to recognize the segregation of school children on the basis of their race as a moral wrong that must in the end be eradicated can one wish to go more slowly.

The tragedy of Mr. Eisenhower's Presidency has generally been his failure to understand and discharge the energizing and unifying function of the office, within the government and in the country at large. It is shocking to have to say it, but for once perhaps that continuing failure is what keeps the situation from being desperate. For it means that the views the President has now revealed will not find frequent or strong expression and will not be forced on other members of the Administration. Thus on the very day the President spoke, Attorney General William Rogers was able to speak in Los Angeles, forcefully and ably, in quite a different sense. And the Solicitor General of the United States, J. Lee Rankin, perceiving the issue truly and in its full dimensions, was able to urge the Supreme Court on the day following to order integration in the Little Rock case promptly and unequivocally. All this was said to have the President's acquiescence.

The Court, we have no doubt, will do as Mr. Rankin recommended. It is the only conceivable course. The problem will then revert to this: We must find and exert national leadership toward a moral mobilization, which will make it impossible for the South to refuse progress—steady if slow—or to tolerate the fomenting of crises of violence.

Southern Resistance

"Now is the time for us to take the offensive," said State Senator Albert Boutwell, who has received the Democratic nomination to be Alabama's next lieutenant governor, speaking at a recent meeting of the Selma, Alabama, White Citizens Council. Proposing that the Southern states work in concert to convince the rest of the nation that their segregation stand is right, he cited race problems in New York, Chicago, Washington, and said that the people of the United States are "disgusted by the advocates of change." His confident conclusion: "We are winning the segregation battle."

At this moment the Alabama state senator's words seem more accurate than oratorical. The slowdown on integration has reached the proportions of a legal fantasy: since 1954, 196 anti-integration measures have been passed by the state assemblies of the 11 Southern states which once composed the Confederacy. Apparently they believe that ink and red tape can succeed where blood and arms failed a hundred years ago.

Since the beginning of this year, 21 new bills have been enacted by five of these states. Three—Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana—provided for the last drastic step, that of closing public schools rather than permitting any integration. These provisions for an actual shutdown or disruption of education—at a time when the country as a whole is in the throes of reappraising those public schools we do have—indicates more clearly than any other single thing (including sporadic violence) the increased resistance to segregation which has built up in some of the South since last year.

Yet, and this is important to remember, these acts to close the schools have caused more deep concern among the Southern citizenry than possibly all other sets of actions combined. For instance, polls taken among PTA members and other parents, as well as random samplings in Charlottesville, Virginia, reveal a measure of unease as to the wisdom of going to such self-defeating lengths.

Robertson's Adventure

PERHAPS the most disturbing revelation in the course of the off-shore islands crisis has been the demonstration that Chiang's champion Walter Robertson can still exercise great leverage on John Foster Dulles—and that Secretary Dulles, in turn, can challenge the preponderant military judgment of the Pentagon. When the Chinese Communists shelled Quemoy in 1955, Admiral Arthur Radford, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, needed no prompting from Assistant Secretary Robertson; he was in his own right a true believer in intervention. But now it is the Pentagon which has provided the strongest opposition to Robertson's adventure.

Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, military analyst for *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, reports that "it is difficult to find any support in the military services, or in the Joint Chiefs, for going to war to help the Chinese Nationalists" retain the off-shore islands. Chalmers Roberts of *The Washington Post* goes General Phillips one better. He declares flatly that the Joint Chiefs "have unanimously taken a position which amounts to declaring that the off-shore islands are not necessary" to the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores.

The military logic leading to this conclusion is not difficult to fathom: for years we have believed that the Fukien coast is useless as an invasion route to China; that, conversely, the off-shore islands are of negligible use to the Chinese as a jumping-off point for an attack on Formosa; and, most important, that the off-shore islands would in fact become indefensible (short of nuclear war) should the Chinese gain the use of nuclear weapons. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, former Army Chief of Staff at the time of Admiral Radford's hegemony, has been the most outspoken proponent of this reasoning within the Pentagon. "When the time comes for me to face my Maker and account for my actions," General Ridgway recalls in his book *Soldier*,

... the thing I would be most humbly proud of was the fact that I fought against, and perhaps contributed to preventing, the carrying out of some harebrained tactical schemes which would have cost the lives of thousands of men. ... Not long after the abortive idea of intervention in Indo-China had been laid to rest, there came the flare-up over Quemoy and Matsu. Again there was strong feeling in high places that we should take a stand. And again I found myself in disagreement with the interventionists.

His position was that Quemoy and Matsu are so exposed to artillery from the relatively nearby mainland that they could constitute "no more than listening posts on an outpost line of observation." Yet at the same time the islands have "little value" as offensive bases because no major military objective on the mainland lies within 300 miles.

Gen. Ridgway distinguished in his 1956 book between the "juridical, historical and geographical background" of Quemoy and Matsu on the one hand (these islands, Gen. Phillips notes, are "in the territorial waters of Red China") and what he deemed the necessity for the US to defend Formosa and the Pescadores. Most present opponents of intervention in the off-shore islands similarly concede that Formosa is another matter. There is, of course, a distinction between the explicit US commitment to defend Formosa and the Pescadores and the ambiguous Congressional Resolution on the off-shore islands which left it up to the President to decide whether the defense of Formosa depends on retaining Quemoy and Matsu. This ambiguity led the President to prepare the way for any intervention last week by arguing that the presence

of one-third of all Nationalist forces on the islands constitutes "a closer interlocking between the defense system of the islands with Formosa than was the case before that." But this distinction—which was valid at least in military terms in 1955 in the sense that Formosa, at least, was then defensible—is no longer valid in 1958.

The distinction between Formosa and the off-shore islands provided a military rationale for our China policy only so long as the Chinese did not possess nuclear weapons. The presence of Soviet Defense Minister R. Y. Malinovsky and his Chinese opposite numbers at the recent Khrushchev-Mao talks in Peking indicates that if the Russians have not already supplied nuclear weapons to the Chinese they will soon do so. The fact is that not only the off-shore islands, but Formosa as well, are now indefensible short of nuclear war. They are consequently military liabilities—not assets. The case for any intervention must rest on political rather than military considerations, and Secretary Robertson's political case is, for reasons often reiterated in these pages, next to no case at all.

Leave the Rascals In

SECRETARY OF LABOR MITCHELL, an expert politician with his eye on bigger things, is difficult to embarrass, but his reputation as a Republican who brings good will to his task of mediating between labor and the GOP is besmirched by his wholly partisan performance on the Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill. He helped kill the bill by cynically refusing to acknowledge that it would have done far more than his own proposals to help labor drive out corruptionists and racketeers. He engaged in a shallow pretense that the bill needed "improvement," when the principal difference between the reform measure and his own program was that his would have weakened labor for collective bargaining and left the gangsters largely untroubled.

Republicans in Congress fitted into two categories in facing the Kennedy-Ives bill, designed as a nonpartisan and limited measure to meet evils exposed by the McClellan Select Committee. One group, including ten or twelve Republican Senators, supported the nonpartisan and limited approach; the other, larger group wanted the bill beaten either for a more vindictive substitute or to "keep the labor issue alive" for election purposes. Mitchell demonstrated repeatedly that he was on the side of the Old Guard, not the side of Case, Ives and Javits. His campaign speeches, which have been considered an asset by Republican professionals, are likely to have a hollow ring hereafter. But more important, his surrender to partisanship meant that a fine chance for a wise and moderate labor reform law was deliberately and consciously destroyed.

"Plow-Rattling" in Russia

THE acquired characteristics of a seesaw that have marked the career of Russian geneticist, Trofim D. Lysenko, were news again recently in Montreal when the world's leading geneticists gathered for the International Congress on Genetics.

At the last minute before the opening session the Russians withdrew a series of scientific papers. The charge was made that the papers had been anti-Lysenko, and that the Russians had hastily substituted both pro-Lysenko titles and scientists. The Russians denied the allegations. But whatever the outcome of the charges and countercharges, there can be little doubt that Lysenko and his anti-Western views are still a powerful factor in Russian biology.

The unopposed dictator of Russian biology during Stalin's time, Lysenko declined in power considerably in the immediate post-Stalin era. But with Khrushchev he is ascending the heights again.

A good case can be made to show that Khrushchev came to power, principally at the expense of Malenkov, because of his projected panacea for the Soviet Union's agricultural ills. Agriculture is still a strong prop for Khrushchev; pull out that prop and he might fall. This is why Lysenko becomes important to Khrushchev, perhaps even more important than he was to Stalin. For Lysenko holds out the tantalizing promise that he can make good for Khrushchev his recent boasts that Russia will soon surpass the United States in agricultural production.

That promise was best envisioned by Lysenko himself at the Russian wake for classical Western genetics, held in Moscow in August, 1948:

Socialist agriculture stands in need of a developed, profound biological theory which will help us quickly and properly to perfect the methods of cultivating plants and obtaining plentiful crops and stable yields. It stands in need of a profound biological theory which will help workers in agriculture to obtain in a short time the highly productive forms of plants they need, to correspond to the high fertility which the collective farmers are creating on their fields.

Lysenko went on to supply the same need (and promise of solution) to animals.

What is this "profound theory"? In Lysenko's own words, "by regulating external conditions, the conditions of life of vegetable organism [or animals], we can change varieties in a definite direction and create varieties with desirable heredity."

Several Western geneticists have suggested that Lysenkoism was grafted onto Communism because it promised just that kind of bland fruit that an ideology which negates inborn differences needs. As Dr. Herman Muller has noted:

Believing that it has found the complete answer to all

the world's ills, through its particular way of manipulating environment, the Communist Party regards as a menace any concept that does not fit patly into its scheme for mankind.

The same does not apply to physics, chemistry or mathematics, which rarely, if ever, challenge the Soviet ideology.

Russian biology, it appears, is still shackled by the chains of Lysenkoism, a weight that keeps it far behind advances in Western biology—advances that promise to be more exciting than those in physics or chemistry.

Inflation and Recession

IN JANUARY, when the 85th Congress convened, recession was the major economic fact, and depression was the major economic threat. When it adjourned, a mild and precarious recovery consoled the cheerful. But it is hard to see why, beyond the necessities of partisan politics and Congressional campaigns. Unemployment remains above five million, business spending on machinery and factories continues to shrink, the automobile industry pins its hopes on 1959 exaggerations of models which failed to attract customers in 1958, and, worst of all, no important sector of the economy promises accelerated recovery—the role, in the past, of autos, housing, and capital expenditures. As *The New York Times* pointed out editorially, recovery, if it followed the 1953-1955 episode, would not be complete until December, 1959. Such a prospect should dampen self-congratulation.

What should Congress have done? Very speedily, it should have cut taxes both on personal incomes and corporate incomes, the first to stimulate consumer spending and the second to encourage capital investment. Equally desirable was increased expenditure on schools, hospitals, and other community amenities, a part of the social overhead that we neglect in prosperity. What happened? Instead, Congress passed the feeblest possible extension of unemployment compensation, allowed its Texas leadership to enforce a truce on tax consideration, contented itself with liberalization of housing credit instead of a decent program of public housing, and—hoped for the best.

In all of this, there is a lesson or two. The rather cheery confidence among economists that we all knew what to do in a recession and were agreed on doing it, failed to survive its first major test. The hard fact is that conservatives have not fully accepted Keynesianism, whatever its degree of dilution. The atavistic tribal gods of balanced budgets and minimal government action still attract their devotees. Conservative fears that the poor won't work and that unemployment compensation encourages idleness will not down. These prejudices and fears have generated an obsessive horror of inflation. One of the paradoxes of drift by a conservative admin-

istration and a hesitant legislature is a combination of recession and inflation which should alarm liberals concerned by the first and conservatives congealed by the second.

In Congress, liberals tangled themselves in an early dispute about whether public works or tax reductions were the superior device. The argument helped to delay action long enough to end the chances of achieving either. The menace of inflation addled some liberal brains also, to the greater glory of inaction. Liberals should not have needed Arthur Burns, a sensible conservative, to point out that the way to do things is in their natural order. In a recession, fight, above all, unemployment. When recovery is complete, fight inflation.

In combatting recession, liberals must eventually wrestle with an organizational obstacle—the relation of the Federal Reserve Board to integrated economic policy. It makes rather poor sense to hope for consistent action when one of the key actors, the Federal Reserve Board, jealously preserves an independence which it frequently uses to promote the ends of conservative economic policy. Its recent increase in rediscount rates at the whisper of good news bespeaks the agency's persistent bias in favor of anti-inflationary measures, even in the face of continuing recession.

The depressing prospect is one of fighting again battles which many thought were won: the importance of economic growth, the necessity of firm government intervention, the undeadly nature of budget deficits, and the needlessness of lingering episodes of high unemployment.

Before the Storm

As an uncommon example of coordinated Western action the five-nation meeting called last week by the World Bank to consider India's foreign-exchange deficit was a promising event. The new installment of \$350 million which is India's rock bottom requirement by next March 31 may now materialize through the combined efforts of the Bank, the United States, Britain, Canada, Japan and West Germany. But let us recognize that the meeting came about at the instance of the Canadians, the British and Bank officials—not of the United States. The Administration remains as matter-of-fact in its response to storm signals in India as it was hysterical when thunder-claps broke in Iraq.

Britain's active role in promoting assistance for India follows naturally, to be sure, from immediate British self-interest: the British Treasury is guarantor for most of India's outstanding sterling debts to British exporters and would have to make good on any Indian default. For this reason the British are considering on their own a loan covering at least \$100 million of the \$350 million. But the British, at the same time, are practiced observers

of the Indian scene. Keener awareness prevails at policy-making levels in London than in Washington that there are storm signals in India, and that Western economic assistance, on its present scale and at its present pace, will prove too little and too late.

Because the US capability for assisting India and other similarly situated countries is so much greater than that of most other governments—with the notable exception of West Germany—the Administration will convince no one (least of all, Indian Finance Minister Morarji Desai, seeking credits of at least one billion dollars by 1961 in Washington this week) when it points to the inadequacy of available funds. The US will be thanked for the \$75 million in new Development Loan Fund credits expected from the US as a party to the Bank meeting. But this will not alter India's need for four to five times as much US aid this year. If the Administration has nowhere to go for further funds in the remainder of fiscal 1958, as it is argued, this inability arises in good part from the deficiency of capital in the Loan Fund, and for this the Administration has itself to blame. By asking Congress to appropriate only the \$625 million authorized last year, the Administration invited last week's cut to \$400 million in the House-Senate conference committee. Next year there will be no excuse for a repetition of such self-defeating tactics. For supporters of the Loan Fund in the conference committee were able as a last-minute compromise to write a declaration into the committee report that

... the amounts contained in the [foreign aid bill] were too small, in the view of some conferees—especially in the Development Loan Fund. It is understood that if additional funds are needed next January for the purposes contained in this bill, the Appropriations Committees of the House and Senate will give earnest consideration . . . to the recommendations of the Executive. . . .

The Administration is, in short, explicitly invited to ask for supplemental Loan Fund appropriations, and should, we believe, begin preparing politically now for making a substantial request in January. Moreover, since the Loan Fund emphasizes specific development projects and thus can relieve only partially a crisis arising most immediately from a foreign exchange shortage, the Administration should also act on another Congressional invitation—the Kennedy-Cooper resolution in which the Senate declared its support for aid to India of the necessary "type, magnitude and duration" (NR, March 31). Both Senators Kennedy and Cooper are urging the Administration to introduce special loan-to-India legislation; Finance Minister Desai's visit will, we hope, solidify support for them within the Administration. At this late hour a Congressional line of credit clearly cannot be avoided—even with an adequate Loan Fund—given any serious US effort to affect events in India.

The Security Program— Five Years After

It was five years ago that the television viewers throughout the nation witnessed the dramatic presentation of the strange case of Lieutenant Milo Radulovich. This young Air Force officer was being dismissed from service as a "security risk" because of his association with his own father and sister. The public clamor that followed the broadcast not only brought about a hasty reinstatement for Radulovich, but seemed to focus public attention on a malignancy that had been spreading in relative obscurity for many years—the Government's "security" program. One by one the victims began to emerge from all walks of American life—Abraham Chasanow, a Government worker who had lost his job on the basis of false information supplied by confidential informants; Ensigns Landy of the Navy and Gaston of the Coast Guard whose commissions were jeopardized because of suspicion of their mothers' activities; Lieutenant Walter Novak of the Army; James Kutcher of the Veterans Administration; and Drs. Peters, Condon and Oppenheimer—each in his own right a *cause celebre* of the security program.

In a remarkable political turn-about, former Senator Harry Cain of the Subversive Activities Control Board evolved into an outspoken champion for the victims of guilt by association and faceless informers. Finally with the publication of a series of case histories by the Fund for the Republic it became apparent that something was very wrong, and that something had to be done. After hearings by the Humphrey Sub-Committee on Government Reorganization a bi-partisan "Commission" was set up to study the various security programs and make recommendations for changes. Bi-partisan in this case meant that of the 12 members to be appointed, four were to be appointed by the President, four by the Vice President, and four by the Speaker of the House.

Critics of the security program applauded the appointment of the Commission—at last, they thought, something is going to be done about this horrible mess. The administrators of the program also heralded the Commission's appointment—at last, they thought, the pressure is off us. And so they put aside any plans they had for improving the program and awaited the Commission's findings and recommendations.

The Commission of 12 had been appointed on November 10, 1955, but for five weeks failed to schedule a meeting. The excuse given was that nobody on the Commission had the authority to call the group to order. Finally, Vice President Nixon issued the call. Loyd Wright, the former President of the American Bar Asso-



"My mother is more patriotic than your mother."

ciation, was selected as chairman, and the Commission proceeded to hire a formidable staff.

Eighteen months and three-quarters of a million dollars later the Wright Commission planked down an 807-page report on the desks of President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon and Speaker Rayburn. The report contained a detailed analysis of each of the security programs and specific recommendations for fundamental revisions in each of them. This was on June 21, 1957.

The critics of the security program reviewed the Commission's report. Some complained that it did not go far enough; others seemed content with half a loaf. The administrators of the program looked over the report (at least it is hoped they did), and then proceeded to *overlook* the report. Where their pre-report attitude could be fairly described as "Let's wait and see what the Commission recommends," their post-report attitude seems to be "Let's wait and see what Congress does about the Commission's recommendations." While under different circumstances this attitude might be reasonable, *hardly any of the Commission's recommendations would require enabling legislation.*

In the more than one year that has elapsed since the Commission presented its report, an examination of all of the regulations of the various security programs shows *not a single change to have been made based upon the many recommendations of the \$750,000 Wright Commission Report.*

It may seem an over-simplification of the problem to

state that the reason no changes have been made by the administrators of the programs is because nobody told them to make any changes. Unfortunately this can happen in Washington as elsewhere, and especially where the "Commission" gambit is employed. Had President Eisenhower passed down the word that after a careful study of all available data a bi-partisan Commission has made certain recommendations, and he wants them put into effect forthwith, there is little doubt that the suggested revisions would have been made. The President has not done so. Nor is there any sign that he will. Nor does Speaker Rayburn who appointed four of the members of the Wright Commission loom large as the future revisionist of the security program. Indeed, one of his appointees to the Commission, Rep. Francis Walter (D, Pa.), has already introduced considerable legislation which weighs heavy on the side of "security" at the expense of individual rights.

That leaves Richard M. Nixon as the third of the triumvirate who appointed the Commission and to whom the Commission officially reported.

The notion that Nixon would champion a revision of the security program is almost beyond belief. After all, Richard M. Nixon climbed to his present position over the bodies of Reps. Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas whom he did his best to smear with the taint of disloyalty. He is the same Nixon who is personally credited with arranging the revocation of the security clearance of Dr. Edward Condon during the 1954 campaign. And, of course, he is the same Nixon who helped pin Alger Hiss to the mat. It might be the understatement of the year to say that from the standpoint of rolling back the excesses of the security program it would be a long, long trip from the "old" Nixon to the so-called "new" Nixon, but is it entirely hopeless?

A story coming out of England had Nixon making the remarkable admission to the English press that his former campaign smear practices were now regretted by him. It will be remembered that it was Nixon who called the dormant Commission to order and it was a Nixon appointee, Loyd Wright, who acted as its Chairman. It is doubted that Wright would want his name connected with a \$750,000 waste of the taxpayers' money.

No one could expect Vice President Nixon to fall on his knees before Helen Gahagan Douglas. But is it too much to hope that Nixon may ask his close friend Attorney General Rogers to insist that the Executive agencies look over the Wright Report and make an attempt to revise their security programs in accordance with its recommendations?

WALTER E. DILLON, JR.

WALTER E. DILLON, JR. is a practicing attorney in Washington, D. C. who specializes in security clearance cases.

Mr. Dooley on Indirect Aggression

"WELL" said Mr. Hennessy, "we've put a stop to it at last."

"We have, thank God," said Mr. Dooley. "What?"

"In-di-reck aggresshun," said Mr. Hennessy proudly.

"That's not the kind we have round the Dooley home," said Mr. Dooley, "How do they throw it?"

"Ye don't understand me," said Mr. Hennessy. "In-di-reck aggresshun is the latest sthratejy of th' Reds, an' Jawn Foster has it bet. Th' Marines is the answer to that crowd, sez he—in with them. An' that was that."

"It was indeed," said Mr. Dooley. "Where exactly are they, be th' way?"

"I heard on the radio," said Hennessy, "B. Route, they're on, on their way to fight th' Ruses."

"They've th' right plan there," said Mr. Dooley. "Them lads is divils for in-di-reck aggresshun. But ye know, Hinnessy, mebbe it's just that I'm an old man now, somehow I can't help thinkin' McKinley, or even Teddy Roosevelt, had a bether idea iv what to do with th' Marines. In thim days when I was in my prime, if the naytives of some furrin counthry was engagin' in on-American activities, th' President would call in the Gin'ral or th' Admiral or whatever they have in th' Marines, and he'd say, 'Well, George, here's th' flag an' here's a Bible, an' there's a map of th' Ph'lipeens. Go there, run up th' flag an' if anyone spakes to ye give him the Bible with me compliments. If he objects to that give him a poke in the eye for interferin' with th' spread of th' Christian religion an' malthreatin' American citizens engaged in th' peaceful task of removin' his possesshuns.' That was Mac. But as f'r Jawn Foster——"

"Jawn's all right," said Mr. Hennessy, stoutly. "Ike sez he has a remarkable intelleck."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," said Mr. Dooley, "because th' Marines have not. Jawn, y'see, calls in th' top man in th' Marines an' he sez: 'Listen here,' sez he. 'Ye know th' Leppinon? 'Tis a small peaceful counthry that's in th' middle iv a civil war. Leastways 'tis not a civil war but a crule invasion carried out be th' ruthless announcers out of the Cairo Radio, with the assistance iv th' Marinated Pathriarch an' one or two others who may or may not be a majority of th' Leppinese people. D'ye follow me?'"

"I'm with ye annyway," sez th' Marine, "where do I find this pathriot till I maroon him once an' for all?"

"Hold on a minnit," sez Jawn Foster, who is a very conscientious man. "I want ye to be sure now ye onderstan iv'ry detail iv y'r assignment. Ye're to go in there to uphold the lawful authority iv me loyal friend President

Shampoo, while Bob Murphy is puttin th' skids undher him for me. Ye are on no account to intervene in th' intairnal affairs iv th' counthry, which consist mainly of a war, but ye are to put down in-di-reck aggresshun with an iron hand if ye happen to see it. If anywan shoots ye ye can shoot back, but ye're not to hit them. There is, however, wan complicatin' facthor."

"I was afraid of that," sez the Marine.

"'Tis the United Nashens," sez the Secretary. "They have Obsairvers in th' Leppinon to make sure that no foreign forces move in."

"If they thry to stop us," sez the Marine, "we'll blow them to Hell. Niver you fear."

"No, no, no," sez the Secretary. "We're not against them. We only want to strengthen their hand against their will. Good luck to ye now."

"Well, anyway," said Mr. Hennessy, "John Foster knows what he's doin'."

"Granted he does," said Mr. Dooley, "but do the Marines? Imagine yerself set down in the Leppinon, with Jawn's words to guide ye. As ye make yeer way through the sthreet of the belayguered but insideeyus capital ye suddenly come on what luks like two A-arabs shootin' at each other. Both the little villyuns luk exactly alike to you. But ye go up to the near A-arab. 'Excuse me, Sir,' sez you, 'but would ye be any chanst be engaging in in-di-reck aggresshun?'"

"Indireck?" sez the A-arab. "There'd be nothin' indireck about it, if that coward wud come out from behind his sandbag. He is a supporter of thraitor Shampoo who is in the pay of the Yanks. Give us a cigarette."

"So, Hinnessy, you go down t' the other end of the sthreet t' join th' good guy. 'Me friend,' sez you, 'can I be iv any assistance t' th' Leppinese Army in its glorious task of suppressin' in-direck aggresshun?' 'Naw,' sez the second A-arab. 'That fella down there,' he sez, 'wud get yer goat all the same lettin' on to be a pathriot and frin' at the Army.'

"Ah, sez you, hot on the thrack of the in-di-reck stuff: 'So he's not a pathriot at all, eh?'"

"Iv coorse he's not a pathriot," sez th' A-arab. "Is his brother Ahmed a pathriot, that sells Pepsi-Cola t' th' Yanks? All that fella wants is a job undher the Government as soon as we get rid of that oul' villyun, Shampoo."

"What's wrong with Shampoo?" sez you.

"Shampoo is a thraitor," sez the A-arab. "In th' pay iv the Yanks. Have ye a cigarette at all?"

"Well, Hinnessy," said Mr. Dooley, after a pause, "in that sitchuation how exactly wud you set about safeguardin' the integgerity iv th' Leppinon?"

"I'd knock their heads togeth'er," said Mr. Hennessy with conviction, "the ongrateful little divils."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley thoughtfully, "at least ye have a policy that can be carried out be the Marines. Ye're one up on Jawn, Hinnessy."

From The Spectator of London

Central Asian Journey

by ROBERT C. NORTH

Delhi

TRAVELING by plane in Soviet Central Asia is an experience in itself, and in recent weeks I have made three major flights—from Moscow across the steppes to Alma Ata near the border of Chinese Sinkiang, then along a range of the snow-capped Tien Shan to Tashkent, and finally over a 15,000-foot saddle-back of the Hindu Kush into neighboring Afghanistan where Soviet and American aid projects are competing in one of the world's more remote and underdeveloped lands.

The planes on these flights are stubby, two-engined Ilyushin 14's—the Russian version of the DC-3. They are the work horses of the Soviet civil air fleet and many of them have been in service a long time. Inside or outside they are not much to look at, but they carry mail and cargo and passengers over difficult routes, and their two rackety engines seem to keep running in spite of rust and dust and wear.

East of Moscow few of the runways are paved yet, and one picks one's way out to the plane through swirls of choking dust. The pilot is standing under a wing with a cardboard-stemmed Russian cigarette in his mouth. A handful of passengers climb aboard at once, and the craft starts to tip back. "Careful, comrades," warns the stocky girl official, "be so good as not to hurry."

We find our seats—six or seven dark-skinned Kazakhs and Uzbeks, four or five Russians, and a lone American. I am *not* accompanied by a guide. The pilot takes a last drag on his cigarette, crushes it out with the toe of his sandal, and comes aboard. He is wearing shabby pants and a red-striped shirt rolled up at the sleeves (or perhaps only a white undershirt if he is feeling the heat). He has not shaved recently. "The toilet is back there, comrades, and please do not smoke during take-off." He slams the cockpit door behind him, but the catch is broken and the panel stays ajar. He starts the motors and slam-bangs down the washboarded runway. Passengers are still stowing bread loaves and bags of apples onto overhead racks, and a girl athlete in sweat shirt is getting herself a glass of water. The door swings open and shut. There are no seat belts.

The flight to Alma Ata takes sixteen hours, and the pilot flies low most of the way. We yaw and wallow and buck, and some of the women passengers vomit into their

shawls. During the night and early morning we drop for refueling at places like Penza (where the terminal is made of peeled logs), Aktiubinsk, and Karaganda. All of the air strips are being lengthened, and soon the work horse IL's will be replaced by sleek jets. There are housing projects under construction in most towns.

Whenever we come down in a new place we all troop across the strip to the terminal and rouse the girls who are asleep in the restaurant. It takes them some time to pull themselves together and more time to get their kettles heated. So the plane is ready for take-off when they finally rush the *gulyash* out, and we stuff what we can into our mouths or fold it into slices of black bread to eat on the run.

From Alma Ata to Tashkent is a shorter flight, but the plane maintains an odd posture—tail high, nose low—which creates the illusion that we are constantly about to crash. It is better not to look down at the desert below, but to keep one's eyes on the snowy, magnificent ranges of the Tien Shan off to the southeast. I remember with a start that China lies just beyond.

☆

On each of the three legs of the journey from Moscow to Kabul the other passengers are intensely curious about me and seize the slightest excuse to start a conversation. Before leaving home I have been told that I shall see only what Soviet officials want me to see, that I shall never be free from my ever-watchful guides, and that—if and when I do break away for a few hours—I shall be followed constantly. But already I have criss-crossed Moscow and other West Russian cities alone and without hindrance. I have taken trolleys and busses to the ends of one line after another and have spent hours exploring the Moscow subway. By day and by night I have tramped the streets and loitered in parks and knocked at closed doors. I have walked into one after another of the vast apartment housing projects shooting up block after block and mile after mile on the peripheries of major Soviet cities. I have poked into slum flats where as many as fifty families cook on grills in the open corridors. "I am an American, and I want to see how you live" or "how you work" or "what you are doing here"—these simple words are the master key to one closed door after another. I am furnished a guide only when I want one.

The cities of Soviet Central Asia turn out to be no exception. It is true that, following the Lebanon crisis,

ROBERT C. NORTH, author of *Moscow and Chinese Communists*, spent most of July and part of August touring the Central Asian Republics as well as other parts of the USSR. He is associate professor of political science at Stanford.

the cities of Samarkand and Bukhara have been closed to foreign visitors—because of large-scale troop maneuvers in the area between Tashkent and the Black Sea—but in Alma Ata and Tashkent I wander about as usual. On the other hand, it is the rare man in the street who will visit me in my hotel "because, as everyone knows, half the staff are MVD."

I am disappointed at being barred from Samarkand and Bukhara because they are ancient cities and their history intrigues me. In 329 B.C. Alexander the Great destroyed Maracanda, but Samarkand, which grew up from the ruins, flourished in later centuries as a brilliant seat of Arab culture—until 1221, when Genghis Khan and his Mongol cavalry razed the city.

For thousands of years the whole of the great region from modern Tashkent to the Caspian Sea—and also the area of modern Afghanistan to the south—has pulsed with the rise and fall of empires. W. K. Fraser-Tytler, has put it this way in his book *Afghanistan*:

Empires rose, flourished, decayed and disappeared; as each new conquest succeeded the last, the center of interest and of activity shifted, fresh irrigation schemes were devised, and barren lands were made fertile; and then war and conquest, the ravages of some great nomad horde, obliterated the traces of past culture and civilization, till nothing was left save silence and desolation, and great mountains brooding over the futilities of man.



One is not always certain where the past ends and the present and future begin. With a travelling companion of the moment—an American professor of Bengali parentage—I attend an Uzbek concert in Tashkent, and for five hours in an open air theatre musicians and dancers in brilliant oriental costumes—employees, all, of the Soviet government—pay tribute to the Kingdom of Khwarizm, which flourished hereabouts in the 10th Century, and young and old in the audience respond with the excitement of American teenagers listening to Elvis Presley. My Bengali-American friend, a professional linguist, translates lines from ballads which young men sang a thousand years ago in praise of the raven hair and curving brows and doe eyes of their lady loves, and verses describing the fresh waters and green grasses and wide-spreading trees of Khwarizm, the most glorious of Kingdoms, and finally a somewhat newer song in somewhat more modern Uzbeki about OUR GLORIOUS COMPARTY, and the miracles which it performs.

My friend explains to me that "Uzbek" is derived from Uzbeg, a king descended from Chagatai, the second son of Genghis Khan, and so it is that the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic gets its name.

Already, in Alma Ata, my guide has taken me to a promontory not far below the snow line and has pointed out on the desert below one of the ancient caravan routes which brought tea from China to the Middle East and

the Mediterranean. But times are changing. Almost 40 years have passed since the Bolsheviks consolidated their power in Central Asia, and factories and textile mills and housing projects are ringing the cities of long ago. Alma Ata, a relatively young town founded as Verni by the Russians in 1853-4, now has a population of nearly five hundred thousand, I am told, and Tashkent boasts more than a million.



In Alma Ata I visit a professor of history at the university, a tall, dark, handsome man representing a new kind of Kazakh intellectual, and in Tashkent my Bengali-American friend and I talk with the director of the university there, an Uzbeki textile chemist.

With the professor in Alma Ata I discuss the Soviet system of higher education step by step—university entrance requirements, lectures, seminars, examinations, advanced degrees. He emphasizes high and uniform standards throughout the Soviet Union, heavy study assignments, and the many years of distinguished work which he insists are prerequisite for higher degrees, especially the doctorate—although an extraordinarily brilliant young man may be rewarded much earlier. He then asks me if I know Justice William Douglas. "I thought that he was an honorable man. But in his book he wrote that the Kazakhs are not treated equally by the Russians. He claimed that Kazakh professors do not receive the same salary bonuses as their Russian colleagues. Well, I am a Kazakh, and I receive my bonus."

My response is that I am sure Justice Douglas made no intentional misrepresentation, that undoubtedly he would appreciate having any inaccuracies pointed out to him. Meanwhile, I am wondering if all Kazakhs are treated as equally as this undoubtedly able professor, or if perhaps some are treated more equally than others.

"But a fact is a fact," the professor says. "How could a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States misrepresent a fact?"

It occurs to me that facts do not always turn out to be facts. The physicists would be among the first to admit that the facts of yesterday are not always the facts of today, and Athens did not always see facts in the same light as Sparta.

"No, a fact is a fact." The professor picks up a matchbox. "This is a match box and nothing else. There can be no doubt about that."

I start to ask him whether he, as a presumably objective Soviet scholar, would uncover the same "facts" about the outbreak of the Korean War as I, an American political scientist dedicated to the truth as I see it. But he switches the subject. Do I like to ski? He is very fond of skiing and would like to show me some Tien Shan slopes if only I return to Alma Ata in the winter.

At the Middle Asian University in Tashkent the Uzbeki director sees his city and institution as a window

into other parts of Asia. In 1920, he claims, only two percent of the Uzbeks were literate, whereas education is now universal among them, thirty different nationalities attend the university, and a majority of the faculty are Uzbeks. He tells us that Uzbekistan now supports two universities, and that Soviet Central Asia boasts more than 30 higher educational institutions.



The next day, in Tashkent, my Bengali-American friend and I visit a mosque. Our guide, a young Uzbeki whose father was a Bolshevik, introduces the *mufti* as the "manager" of the mosque. We are in time for prayer, and so we take off our shoes and enter and see that nearly all the worshippers are old men.

We ask why there were no young men at prayers. The young men, he declares, are busy working in the factories.

(We recall our visit to the largest textile mill in Central Asia where a good 80 percent of the workers were Russians rather than Uzbeki).

We tell the "manager" of the mosque that while the number of practicing Moslems may be increasing, we have also been told that the number of young Uzbeki activists in the Komsomol and the Communist Party is also rapidly increasing. How does the "manager" reconcile these two conflicting claims?

"It is quite possible to be a good Communist and a good Moslem at the same time," the "manager" declares.

We challenge this. We have read Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, and the Koran. Islam and Communism are clearly incompatible.

"Well, we have made some new researches into Marx and Lenin and Stalin," the "manager" asserts, "and we find that these great men were not against religion, that Communism and Islam are compatible after all."

This is utter nonsense, and we say so. The young Uzbeki guide grins, and the poor "manager" flushes behind his thick black beard.

That same evening, by great good fortune, we meet up with an American Jew who is on his way to a service at the local synagogue, and he invites us to go along. The same young Uzbeki guide takes us through a far sector of the city where rough, adobe-like houses press against narrow, crooked streets. We are ushered through a crude wall gate, like any other wall gate, and into a small courtyard. An old man with long, white beard greets the American Jew in rapid Yiddish. In the courtyard are forty or fifty equally aged men in coarse-woven white suits and cloth-billed white caps, and most of them are also heavily bearded. They crowd around us croaking sholem aleichems and chattering like excited little boys.

We are told that there are some 60,000 Jews in the city, but that a small meeting room off this courtyard is the only synagogue. And where are the young men? Surely not all working in factories at this hour.

Alas, the young men are kept very busy with their

Konsomol meetings and their school work and other tasks, and they are losing interest in religion. Besides, it is not helpful to be known as a Jew. Do we know that every Jew in the Soviet Union is noted as such in his identification book? Of course, every person has his nationality recorded in his book, but having Russian or Ukrainian or even Uzbek written there is not the same thing as having *Jew* so recorded.

The rabbi explains that he is not fully trained, that he is really a lay rabbi. The government has recently allowed a rabbinical school to be opened in Moscow for the training of thirty rabbis, but what are thirty rabbis among the millions of Jews in the country?

Tonight the lay rabbi gives us each a little black cap, and we join in the service, an incongruous foursome—an American Jew, an American Unitarian, an American of Hindu antecedents, and an Uzbeki Communist.

A wizened little man whispers in my ear. He has a grandson in Brooklyn, and will I look him up? Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles—for me this is an old story by now. Yes, of course I will, if the old man will provide me with an address. Well, that might be risky. Can I not find the grandson by name? No? Is Brooklyn, then, such a very large city?

I sit staring at the crossed hands carved above the altar to ward off evil. The young Uzbeki nudges me and points to his watch. He is bored by the whole performance and would like to be off. That's the trouble with these young guides, I think, they are so dedicated and informed and hard and sure and practical.



On another evening I am sitting on a park bench with a pocket book edition of *Great Essays* on my knee. Cut off as though by quarantine from Western books and magazines and newspapers, I have long since read and reread the essays, but I shall use them now, as I have used them before, as bait, and within a few moments there is certain to be a strike. Sure enough, I see a man pause, eye the book, look me over, move along somewhat, then sidle back. Our glances meet, and we both understand. He sits down on the bench. "You are an American? I would like to talk with you a little."

Students, engineers, teachers—they want so badly to talk. This one is not interested in politics, he says, but is a park bench philosopher. When he is an old man and has retired on his pension perhaps he will find a tree, as Buddha did, and sit there all day and contemplate.

"You Americans rage about Godless Communism," he charges, "but what do you believe in? You say you believe in nothing. You are the Romans around the banquet table, you are Nero fiddling, you are the last of the great nihilists. No, no, I am unfair, we are all alike. You build your fat loathsome cars, and we build our miles and miles of ugly apartment houses at thirty rubles a month rent, and neither the one nor the other makes better people of

us. There is no salvation. Poor little Man has dissolved his guiding star in a laboratory beaker, and I have only fears for the future. The bacteria shall inherit the earth."

☆

Well, so much for the park bench philosopher. I meet other friendly, worried, thinking men in Central Asia as I have in Leningrad and Moscow and Kiev and Odessa (and I meet dozens more of friendly, worried men who do not think.) There is the man who was wounded three times in the siege of Leningrad, but who lives now in Central Asia. I ask him how things are today as compared with ten years ago.

He considers a moment and recalls trains moving eastward into Siberia with Russian political prisoners as late as 1952. Then, after Stalin's death, the screws were loosened about five turns, but recently they have been tightened again—say two turns. "Nobody will refuse to go back to that. We have learned what it is to live, and we want more of it."

He likes Americans, but thinks our foreign policy is aggressive and stupid. "We admire you in many ways, and we do not want to fight you. Why do you insist on being so aggressive?"

I speak a bit about Czechoslovakia and Korea and Hungary.

"Yes, we know our government has made many bad mistakes," he concedes, "but we love our country, and if you Americans push us too far, we shall fight like tigers."

He does not understand when I mention Soviet policies of expansion. He denies that they exist. There have been mistakes, yes, but the intent is only to help other countries, to ensure peace, to make the world a better place. The trouble with decent Americans like me is that we have been misled by the capitalist press. He, on the other hand, reads *Pravda* and *Izvestiia* and a local paper and even the *London Daily Worker*.

Also, he listens to the BBC and the Voice of America. There is much fine music on BBC, and he likes American jazz, especially the blues, but he cannot abide our propaganda. The Voice of America, he says, is crude and patronizing and insulting to a man of intelligence. "Speak to us as your equals," he tells me, "or do not speak to us at all. And tell me, please, why did your government not allow Louis Armstrong to visit the Soviet Union? I wanted very badly to hear his music."

Then there is the man who speaks to me as I pause before a department store window. "Look there, we have refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, furniture imported from China. Tell me how these things compare with yours, tell me how your prices are."

We spend an hour or more looking about. There are price tags on the goods, but most of the items, we discover, are not for sale. My friend explodes to a clerk. "Not for sale? Ha, when are you people going to stop showing us things that can't be bought?"



Alma Ata — Capital of Kazakhstan

The clerk shrugs. "I don't decide these things."

A blond young man stops to find out what is going on. He runs a finger over the smooth, metal surface of a crude monstrosity labelled a washing machine. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

An Uzbeki policeman comes up. "Please don't touch the exhibits, comrade."

The young man grimaces. "What a joke! Why don't you put them under glass then, like in a museum?"

The policeman grins. "Have patience, comrade."

My new companion, the young man and I walk out together. "Why don't you Americans just sell us the things we want? You will be surprised what it will do to us. Much better than H-bombs. But no, you are afraid to do that, and so we'll look at exhibits for a few more years. But the policeman is right. Just now we are building apartment houses—you have seen them yourself. We put them up by the mile, overnight, like unrolling a carpet. Well, next it will be refrigerators, perhaps, and washing machines, and vacuum cleaners. We'll catch up with you and then we'll shoot on past."

On another day I am at a track meet, and every so often a Big Man comes to the microphone to remind everybody how all this was made possible by OUR GLORIOUS PARTY. His remarks stir an amused undercurrent in the stands and give the wags a target for some earthy quips. It becomes perfectly clear that OUR GLORIOUS PARTY is something less than sacred.

☆

So in Central Asia, as in the other parts of the country I have visited, the cities are growing fast and new apartment houses are pushing up out of the sand. Prices are extraordinarily high for some essential items (shoes, for example) and astonishingly low for others, but the people are getting sufficient food—much of it starchy—to ruin their figures, and they are longing for better things, and Big Brother does not loom quite as big as he used to, and nobody wants war any more than you or I.

*A Conversation with***FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT****"Flat On
Our Faces"**by **HENRY BRANDON**

BRANDON: Has what we usually call "modern" architecture run its course? Before you answer, perhaps you would like to define "modern" architecture.

WRIGHT: Well, modern architecture is anything built today. It's an ambiguous term, but "modern architecture" does not necessarily mean new architecture. The *new* architecture is organic architecture.

BRANDON: Your organic architecture is really—

WRIGHT: A natural influence.

BRANDON: Isn't it an Oriental influence?

WRIGHT: No—except that the philosophy is perhaps Oriental. It was Tao who declared that the reality of the buildings did not consist in the walls and the roof, but in the space within to be lived in. The interior space was the reality of the building. Now that means that you build from within outward rather than from the outside in, as the West has always been building. Insofar as that's Taoism, I suppose the philosophy is Eastern. But somehow only the West has ever built according to that philosophy. And our "organic" architecture happens to be the original expression of that idea. The space concept in architecture is organic, and "organic" as we use the term means "natural," it means "essential." It means *of* the thing instead of *on* it.

BRANDON: I quite agree there should be a close link between architecture and nature. That's what entranced me about the setting of the Japanese house. But how can you adapt this philosophy of "organic" architecture to the cities of today? They lack space.

WRIGHT: You can't. The city of today will have to run its course. It's being finished now by excess. Excess is ruining

it. When we need a new city we're going to have it on our own "organic" terms and it will be more an agronomy, it will be part of the ground and it will be pretty nearly everywhere. The concentrations that are now cities are feudal survivals. We've got to go forward and make better use of the ground.

BRANDON: But aren't we going to lose whatever privacy and serenity there is left of our landscapes, of our countryside?

WRIGHT: On the contrary. If we have the right sort of architecture we won't do violence to the landscape as we do now. I would dread to see the kind of architecture that we have in cities go out into the country. It isn't suited to the country. But in organic architecture the nature of the thing prompts the fashioning of the thing, and the buildings that would be built would make that country more beautiful rather than less so. Of course, that's a long journey along the line of a culture that we don't have yet.

BRANDON: You've recently been to London. You probably saw that much was destroyed, that much has also been rebuilt. What sort of advice would you have for a city like London?

WRIGHT: London has a dormitory town, London has *suburbia*, and I think for London *exurbia* is important—getting out into the country as far as possible—maintaining the old city, the old buildings and the old conditions as a memorial. I'm sorry to see the skyscraper about to invade London. I saw it in an illustrated magazine, a high hotel building like an office building, making of the hostelry a rat-trap, right in the heart of London. I hope they never build it.

BRANDON: Why are you against skyscrapers? They are one of the outstanding American contributions to architecture?

WRIGHT: The skyscraper is responsible for the congestion, and is making the city of today impossible to use. The skyscraper piles the crowd up high, dumps it on the street, stuffs it in again, and the streets are not nearly wide enough.

Paris is so beautiful today because it has that sense of space without the skyscraper. London has something of that and if it's invaded by the skyscraper, it will lose what it has. I think they should not build up those bombed areas either. They should plant them to greenery. The greenery of London is one of its beauties. Why not extend that and let the people push out into the countryside in becoming buildings in a way that does not damage the country but benefits the invader?

BRANDON: What impression did London make on you?

WRIGHT: I think most buildings in London are worth preserving; they're interesting examples of the old order. But as compared with what we can build now, they are extremely inutile and will eventually be relics and unbecoming. London is rather far behind in what we call modern architecture and has very few, or no examples of organic architecture.

See, the architecture we call organic is a natural architecture and it does not use steel like lumber. The steel fram-

THIS is the seventh in a series of conversations tape-recorded originally for The Sunday Times of London by its Washington correspondent. Mr. Brandon's interviews are appearing exclusively in this country in The New Republic.

ing in the 19th Century was just like lumber framing. They made steel into lumber and used it as beams, as posts and all that. But that's not organic. We use steel suspended in strands for its tensile strength, buried in concrete for its compression strength. The system was invented by the French and we called it ferro-concrete.

BRANDON: Certainly what you have been building is daring and revolutionary, but looking at some of your structures I often wonder what holds them up?

WRIGHT: They hold themselves up. Take my "Mile-High" building. It has a spine with ribs growing out from it. In the Guggenheim Museum the spine is coiled and the ribs or, if you want, the floors grow only inward. The outer wall is the spine or support and the floor is cantilevered from it.

BRANDON: But is it safe without support on the inner edges?

WRIGHT: My thumb is not supported at the end! Its only support comes from where it joins my hand. This is the 20th Century way of using steel. But all that is practiced now in our big cities is 19th Century architecture—extensive steel frames that are rusting at the joints. Most of the architects we have called "modern" are really wallpaper hangers, papering façades. Posters for whisky, posters for soap [Mr. Wright was referring to the Seagram and Lever buildings in New York]. They're not really architecture. They're all right for cities and they're all the cities are entitled to now, but don't call them architecture.

BRANDON: Personally, I prefer the façades of the old buildings on Park or Fifth Avenue. The Avenues' majesty, dignity and sense of proportion will be lost when those old buildings are replaced by these new austere structures of glass and steel, looking all alike.

WRIGHT: This is a matter of taste, and taste is always a matter of ignorance. You taste because you don't know. And if you like the taste of the old, you like the old. If you like the taste of the new, you like the new. But none of it is really architecture. Architecture is a deeper thing. It is the frame of human existence. We must dedicate this existence more to beauty. For if poetic principle has deserted us how long are we going to last? How long can civilization without a soul last? Science cannot save us, it has brought us to the brink. Art and religion, which are the soul of civilization, have to save us.

Architecture is the only record you can read now of those civilizations that have passed into distance. Water-closets, wash-bowls and radiators, that's what they would find of our present-day civilization centuries hence. Architecture means *of* the nature of the thing whatever it may be and *for* the nature of the thing whatever that may be.

Most of this educated taste today is an acquired taste. It has nothing whatever to do with certain senses or the beneficial character of the thing tasted; it's only whether you like it or not. And who are you? You are only an artificial thing whose taste may be atrocious. So when we have a taste-built culture, we have a haphazard jamboree of all kinds of things. But if we go back to nature, and



make things according to nature, we have a sense of propriety. Not propriety, but proper character in everything.

BRANDON: And you firmly believe that "modern" architecture will develop in that direction?

WRIGHT: Yes, it will be organic architecture. It was the basis of the present so-called modern, but organic architecture made first a negation and that negation was extremely narrow and affected a great many architects. And they followed the negation rather than going along into the affirmation of which it was capable and which we are now practicing.

BRANDON: "Modern" architecture was born at a time of scarcity, a utilitarian period. Now we live in an age of greater plenty than say, 20 years ago. Will this be reflected in architecture, will it make greater use of artful decoration?

WRIGHT: Inevitably it will, but not in decoration as we know it. It will be more like the things we see in nature, in the garden, in the trees, everywhere about. If there is ornament it will be natural to the environment. And if there is a building it will be natural to its purpose in certain senses. It will all have the truth of nature.

Of course, that's all a large order. It's going to take time to reach it. But that's where we're headed for, and architecture is gradually getting a little deeper into nature, which is the mother of architecture, and without which there is no culture.

We Americans have a vast civilization and no culture because we have no architecture of our own. Washington, our capital, does not represent architecture of our own. The Capitol, for instance, represents American history. I do not judge its architecture but respect it for what it is. We have for a long time been flat on our faces, copying 19th Century Europe. But now Americans are waking up to the importance of having their own architecture, the importance of organic architecture. Yesterday I gave a lecture on the subject for the International Institute of Contemporary Art, and some 1,500 people came to listen. That's encouraging. There is a rebirth of architecture in America, and we're getting our own: organic architecture.

BOOKS & COMMENT

Of Freedom and Contemplation

by Irving Howe

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, the novel which climaxes the career of the Russian poet Boris Pasternak, is a major work of fiction; but it is also—and for the moment, perhaps more important—a historic utterance. It is an act of testimony as crucial to our moral and intellectual life as the Hungarian revolution to our political life. It asks for,

Dr. Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak (Pantheon; \$5).

and deserves, the kind of response in which one's sense of the purely "literary" becomes absorbed in a total attention to the voice of the writer.

The book comes to us in extraordinary circumstances. A great Russian poet who maintains silence through years of terror and somehow, for reasons no one quite understands, survives the purges that destroy his most gifted colleagues; a manuscript sent by him to an Italian Communist publisher who decides to issue it despite strong pressures from his comrades; the dictatorship meanwhile refusing to permit this book, surely the most distinguished Russian novel of our time, to appear in print—all this comprises the very stuff of history, a reenactment of those rhythms of brutality and resistance which form the substance of the novel itself.

Doctor Zhivago opens in the first years of the century, spans the revolution, civil war and terror of the thirties, and ends with an epilogue in the mid-1940s. On a level far deeper than politics and with a strength and purity that must remove all doubts, it persuades us that the yearning for freedom remains indestructible. Quietly and resolutely Pasternak speaks for the sanctity of human life, turning to those "eternal questions" which made the 19th Century Russian novel so magnificent and besides which the formulas of Russia's current masters seem so trivial.

The European novel has traditionally

depended on some implicit norm of "the human." In our time, however, this norm has become so imperiled that the novel has had to assume the burdens of prophecy and jeremiad, raising an apocalyptic voice against the false apocalypse of total politics. Some of the most serious Western writers have turned impatiently from the task of representing familiar experience and have tried, instead, to make the novel carry an unprecedented amount of speculative and philosophical weight. Sacrificing part of the traditional richness of the European novel, they have kept searching for new, synoptic structures that would permit them to dramatize the modern split between historical event and personal existence. As a result, their work has occasionally thinned out into parables concerning the nature and possibility of freedom.

But where certain Western novelists have wrenched their narrative structures in order to reach some "essence" of modern terror, Pasternak has adopted a quite different strategy. With apparent awareness of the symbolic meaning of his choice, he has turned back to the old-fashioned leisurely Tolstoyan novel. His aim is not to mimic its external amplitude, as do most Soviet writers, but to recapture its spirit of freedom and then bring this spirit to bear upon contemporary Russian life. Given the atmosphere in which Pasternak must live and work, this kind of a return to the Tolstoyan novel comes to seem a profoundly liberating act.

Pasternak refuses to accept any claim for the primacy of ideological systems. Avoiding any quest for the "essence" of modern terror, he prefers to observe its impact upon the lives of modest and decent people. Again and again he returns to what might be called the "organic" nature of experience, those autonomous human rhythms which, in his view, can alone provide a true basis for freedom. The Tolstoyan narrative structure takes

on a new and dynamic character, embodying his belief that everything fundamental in life remains inviolate, beyond the grasp of ideology or the state.

I do not mean to suggest that Pasternak permits a facile spirituality to blind him to the power of circumstances. He knows how easy it is to debase and kill a man, how often and needlessly it has been done; some of his most poignant chapters register the sufferings of the Russian people during the past forty years. Yet he is driven by an almost instinctive need to cling to other possibilities, and he writes about ordinary experience with such affection and steadfastness that, even under the blows of accumulating historical crises, it takes on a halo of sanctity. Not the fanaticism of the will, but existence as rooted in the natural world, seems to him the crux of things.

YURI ZHIVAGO, the central figure of the novel and in some ways Pasternak's alter ego, comes to this realization while still a young man. As he is driven from the battlefields of the First World War to revolutionary Moscow to partisan fighting in Siberia, and then back again to Moscow, Zhivago tries to keep hold of a few realities: nature, art, the life of contemplation. No matter how desperate the moment may be, he feels that the preservation of his inner identity is still possible if he can watch a cow grazing in the fields, read Pushkin's poems and speak freely to himself in the journal he intermittently keeps.

It is this effort to preserve the personal basis of reality which forms the main stress of Zhivago's experience—an effort always secured in a radiantly intense feeling for nature. One of the loveliest episodes in the novel occurs when Zhivago and his family, to avoid starvation during the civil war, decide to leave Moscow. They take a long journey eastward, and at one point their train becomes stalled in drifts of snow. For three days the passengers work in the open, helping to clear the tracks. A light of joy comes over them, a feeling of gratification for this gift: "The days were clear and frosty, and the shifts were short because there were not enough shovels. It was sheer pleasure."

Somewhat earlier in the book Zhivago reflects upon his life while traveling homeward from the First World War:

Three years of changes, moves, uncer-

tainties, upheavals; the war, the revolution; scenes of destruction, scenes of death, shelling, blown-up bridges, fires, ruins—all this suddenly turned into a huge, empty, meaningless space. The first real event since the long interruption was this trip . . . the fact that he was approaching his home, which was intact, which still existed, and in which every stone was dear to him. This was real life, meaningful experience, the actual goal of all guests, this was what art aimed at—homecoming, return to one's family, to oneself, to true existence.

The novel begins with a series of clipped vignettes of pre-revolutionary Russia, apparently meant to suggest a Tolstoyan breadth and luxuriousness of treatment. A few of these vignettes seem hurried and schematic in effect, but many of them are brilliantly evocative, quick and sharp glimpses of another Russia.

But which Russia: the Russia of the Czars or of *War and Peace*, the country Pasternak remembers from his youth or the marvellous landscape of Tolstoy's imagination? The alternative, of course, is a false one, and I raise it merely to indicate the presence of a real problem. For in the mind of a writer like Pasternak, historical reality and literary heritage must by now be inseparable: the old Russia is the Russia both of the Czars and of Tolstoy. And as he recreates it stroke by stroke, Pasternak seems intent upon suggesting that no matter what attitude one takes toward the past, it cannot be understood in terms of imposed political clichés.

HE IS, in any case, rigorously objective in his treatment. He portrays both a vibrant Christmas party among the liberal intelligentsia and a bitter strike among railroad workers; he focusses upon moments of free discussion and spontaneous talk such as would make some contemporary Russian readers feel envious and then upon moments of gross inhumanity that would make them think it pointless even to consider turning back the wheel of history. Pasternak accepts the unavoidability, perhaps even the legitimacy of the revolution, and he evokes the past not to indulge in nostalgia but to insist upon the continuity of human life.

Once, however, the narrative reaches the Bolshevik revolution, the Tolstoyan richness and complexity promised at the beginning are not fully realized.

Partly this is due to Pasternak's inexperience as a novelist: he burdens himself with more preparations than he needs and throughout the book one is aware of occasional brave efforts to tie loose ends together.

But mainly the trouble is due to a crucial difference between Tolstoy's and Pasternak's situations. Soaring to an incomparable zest and vitality, Tolstoy could break past the social limits of his world—a world neither wholly free nor, like Pasternak's, wholly unfree—and

communicate the sheer delight of consciousness. Pasternak also desires joy as a token of man's gratitude for existence; his characters reach for it eagerly and pathetically; but the Russia of his novel is too grey, too grim for a prolonged release of the Tolstoyan ethos. As a writer of the highest intelligence, Pasternak must have known this; and it is at least possible he also realized that the very difficulties he would encounter in adapting the Tolstoyan novel to contemporary Russia

Mr. and Mrs. Billings

"YOUR wife," the doctor said
"Will be dead

In approximately twelve weeks."

His left shoe creaks,

Thought Mr. Billings; and why does he look

Like a doctor in a book

Or a cigarette ad?

But Mr. Billings was sad

That his wife was dying.

Flying

To his neighborhood florist, he bought

More flowers than he ought,

And sent them to her;

Then wished they had been fewer

For fear she should understand

His motive, and

Ask questions. Then

Mr. Billings thought again,

Of how to make each

Moment reach

Beauty and pleasure beyond the expected.

A friend named Herbert Peck did,

With a success Mr. Billings thought a wonder,

As he remembered, under

Similar circumstances,

By taking his wife to dances,

Bingo, and the race-track—

Things she had learned to lack.

Mr. Billings, on the other hand,

Quickly planned

A journey to France

And took a chance

On a new Buick and made

Arrangements for lemonade

To be delivered twice a day.

Now at rest, and almost gay,

Preparing for a visiting hour

When he must be a tower

Of reassurance, he sits

With a packet of Ritz

Crackers and a bottle of coke

To think of a suitable, and funny, joke.

DONALD HALL

would help reveal both the direction of his yearning and the constrictions of reality.

It is Pasternak's capacity for holding in balance these two elements—the direction of his yearning and the constrictions of reality—that accounts for the poise and strength of the novel. Like most great Russian writers, he has the gift for making ideas seem a natural part of human experience, though what matters in this novel is not a Dostoevskian clash of ideology and dialectic but Zhivago's sustained effort, amounting to a kind of heroism, to preserve his capacity for the life of contemplation.

ZHIVAGO'S IDEAS, it seems fair to assume, are in large measure Pasternak's, and as they emerge in the book, subtly modulated by the movement of portrayed events, it becomes clear that the central point of view can be described as a kind of primitive Christianity, profoundly heterodox and utterly alien to all dogmas and institutions. I would agree with the remark of Mr. Max Hayward, Pasternak's English translator, that Zhivago's Christianity "would be acceptable to many agnostics." Acceptable not merely because of its ethical purity but because it demands to be understood as a historically-determined response to the airless world of Soviet conformity. In such a world the idea of Christ—even more so, the image of Christ facing his death alone—must take on implications quite different from those it usually has in the West. Zhivago's uncle, his intellectual guide, suggests these in an early passage:

What you don't understand is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet believe . . . that history as we know it began with Christ. . . . Now what is history? It is the centuries of the systematic exploration of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies. Now you can't advance in this direction without a certain faith. You can't make such discoveries without spiritual equipment. And the basic elements of this equipment are in the Gospels. What are they? To begin with, love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme form of vital energy. And then the two basic ideas of modern

man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice.

TOGETHER with this version of Christianity, Zhivago soon develops a personal attitude toward Marxism—an attitude, I should say, much more complex than is likely to be noted by American reviewers seeking points for the Cold War. Zhivago cannot help but honor the early Bolsheviks, if only because they did give themselves to "the idea of life as sacrifice." His enthusiasm for the revolution dies quickly, but even then he does not condemn it. He is more severe: he judges it.

Unavoidably Zhivago also absorbs some elements of the Marxist political outlook, though he never accepts its claims for the primacy of politics. Indeed, his rejection of Marxism is not essentially a political one. He rejects it because he comes to despise the arrogance of the totalitarian "vanguard," its manipulative view of man, in short, its contempt for the second "basic ideal of modern man . . . the ideal of free personality":

Marxism a science? [says Zhivago during a discussion on a train in Siberia] Well, it's taking a risk, to say the least, to argue about that with a man one hardly knows. However—Marxism is too uncertain of its ground to be a science. Sciences are more balanced, more objective. I don't know a movement more self-centered and further removed from the facts than Marxism. Everyone is worried only about proving himself in practical matters, and as for the men in power, they are so anxious to establish the myth of their infallibility, that they do their utmost to ignore the truth.

Still more withering is Zhivago's judgment of the Soviet intelligentsia:

Men who are not free . . . always idealize their bondage. So it was in the Middle Ages, and later the Jesuits always exploited this human trait. Zhivago could not bear the political mysticism of the Soviet intelligentsia, though it was the very thing they regarded as their highest achievement.

Such statements are plain enough, and their significance can hardly be lost upon the powers in Moscow; but it must quickly be added that in the context of the novel they are much less abrupt and declamatory than they seem in isolation. Pasternak is so sensitive toward his own

characters, so free from any intention to flourish ideologies, that the novel is never in danger of becoming a mere tract. The spectacle of Zhivago trying to reflect upon the catastrophe of his time is always more interesting than the substance of his reflections. His ideas are neither original nor beyond dispute, but as he experiences them and struggles to articulate them, they take on an enormous dignity and power. If ever a man may be said to have earned his ideas, it is Yurii Zhivago.

Zhivago's opinions reflect the direction of Pasternak's yearning, the long-suppressed bias of his mind; but there is, in the novel itself, more than enough counter-weight of objective presentation. Pasternak is extremely skillful at making us aware of vast historical forces rumbling behind the lives of his central figures. The Bolshevik revolution is never pictured frontally, but a series of incidents, some of them no more than a page or two in length, keep the sense of catastrophe and upheaval constantly before us—Zhivago fumbling to light an old stove during an icy Moscow winter while in the nearby streets men are shooting at each other, a callow young Menshevik "heartening" Russian troops with democratic rhetoric and meeting an ungainly death as his reward, a veteran Social Revolutionary pouring bile over the Communist leaders, a partisan commander in Siberia fighting desperately against the White armies. And as Zhivago finds himself caught up by social currents too strong for any man to resist, we remember once again Tolstoy's concern with the relationship between historical event and personal life.

ONCE Pasternak reaches the revolutionary period, the novel becomes a kind of spiritual biography, still rich in social references but primarily the record of a mind struggling for survival. What now matters most is the personal fate of Zhivago and his relationships with two other characters, Lara, the woman who is to be the love of his life, and Strelnikov, a partisan leader who exemplifies all of the ruthless revolutionary will that Zhivago lacks.

Zhivago himself may be seen as representative of those Russian intellectuals who accepted the revolution but were never absorbed into the Communist apparatus. That he is both a skillful doctor and a sensitive poet strengthens one's

impression that Pasternak means him to be something more than an individual figure. He speaks for those writers, artists and scientists who have been consigned to a state of permanent inferiority because they do not belong to the "vanguard" party. His sufferings are their sufferings, and his gradual estrangement from the regime, an estrangement that has little to do with politics, may well be shared by at least some of them. Zhivago embodies that which, in Pasternak's view, man is forbidden to give to the state.

MR. HAYWARD reports that Pasternak has apparently referred to Turgenyev's Rudin as a distant literary ancestor of Zhivago. Any such remark by a writer like Pasternak has its obvious fascination and one would like very much to know exactly what he had in mind; but my own impression, for what it may be worth, is that the differences between the two characters are more striking than the similarities. Rudin, the man of the 1840's, is a figure of shapeless enthusiasms that fail to congeal into specific convictions; he is the classical example of the man who cannot realize in action the vaguely revolutionary ideas that fire his mind. Zhivago, by contrast, is a man rarely given to large public enthusiasms; he fails to achieve his ends not because he is inherently weak but because the conditions of life are simply too much for him. Yet, unlike Rudin, he has a genuine "gift for life," and despite the repeated collapse of his enterprises he brings a sense of purpose and exaltation to the lives of those who are closest to him. There is a key passage in his journal which would probably have struck Rudin as the essence of philistinism but which takes on an entirely different cast in 20th Century Russia:

Only the familiar transformed by genius is truly great. The best object lesson in this is Pushkin. His works are one great hymn to honest labor, duty, everyday life! Today, "bourgeois" and "petty bourgeois" have become terms of abuse, but Pushkin forestalled the implied criticism. . . . In *Onegin's Travels* we read:

"Now my ideal is the housewife,
My greatest wish, a quiet life
And a big bowl of cabbage soup."

There is undoubtedly a side of Pasternak, perhaps the dominant side, which shares in these sentiments; but it is a

tribute to his utter freedom from literary vanity that he remorselessly shows how Zhivago's quest for "a quiet life" leads to repeated failures and catastrophes. For Zhivago's desire for "a big bowl of cabbage soup" indicates—to twist a sardonic phrase of Trotsky's — that he did not choose the right century in which to be born.

The novel reaches a climax of exaltation with a section of some twenty pages that seem to me one of the greatest pieces of imaginative prose written in our time. Zhivago and Lara, who have been living in a Siberian town during the period of War Communism, begin to sense that their arrest is imminent: not because they speak any words of sedition (Zhivago has, in fact, recently returned from a period of enforced service as doctor to a band of Red partisans) but simply because they ignore the slogans of the moment and choose their own path in life. They decide to run off to Varykino, an abandoned farm, where they may find a few moments of freedom and peace. Zhivago speaks:

But about Varykino. To go to that wilderness in winter, without food, without strength or hope—it's utter

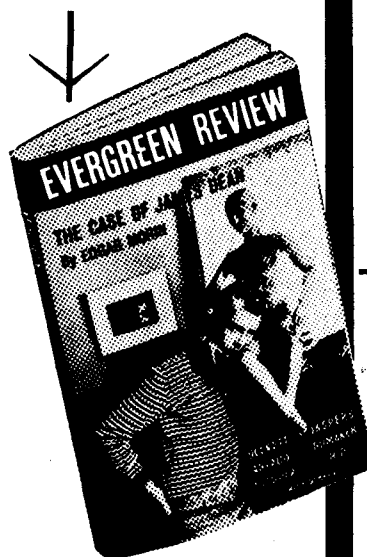
madness. But why not, my love! Let's be mad, if there is nothing but madness left to us. . . .

Our days are really numbered. So at least let us take advantage of them in our own way. Let us use them up saying goodbye to life. . . . We'll say goodbye to everything we hold dear, to the way we look at things, to the way we've dreamed of living and to what our conscience has taught us. . . . We'll speak to one another once again the secret words we speak at night, great and pacific like the name of the Asian ocean.

FROM this point on, the prose soars to a severe and tragic gravity; every detail of life takes on the tokens of sanctity; and while reading these pages, one feels that one is witnessing a terrible apocalypse. Begun as a portrait of Russia, the novel ends as a love story told with the force and purity of the greatest Russian fiction; yet its dependence upon the sense of history remains decisive to the very last page.

Through a ruse Zhivago persuades Lara to escape, and then he returns to Moscow. He falls into shabbiness, illness and long periods of lassitude; he dies

Subscribe to
America's
most lively
literary magazine



Featured in the 5th issue are:

case of james dean

By EDGAR MORIN. A brilliant portrait of the movie star as a mythological hero.

samuel beckett

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE. A new monodrama by the famous author of *Waiting for Godot*.

karl jaspers

THE ATOM BOMB AND THE FUTURE OF MAN. A penetrating analysis of our present crisis by Germany's leading philosopher.

h. d.

SAGESSE. A new long poem by the great lyric poet.

jack kerouac

ESSENTIALS OF SPONTANEOUS PROSE. The beat generation's spokesman tells how he writes, in an essay as exciting as his fiction.

In addition, POEMS, STORIES, ESSAYS AND LETTERS by Antonin Artaud, Robert Creeley, Philip Whalen, John Rechy, Edward Field, William Eastlake, Denise Levertov, Charles Olson, Edward Dorn, Kenneth Koch, David Lyttle, Amos Tutuola, Roland Barthes, Michael Rumaker, Clement Greenberg. Edited by Barney Rosset and Donald Allen. Published four times a year; \$1 per copy

EVERGREEN REVIEW, Dept. C64, 795 Broadway, N.Y. 3

Please enter my subscription beginning with the current volume No. 5 (Send no money; you will be billed later.)

☐ EIGHT ISSUES, \$6 ☐ FOUR ISSUES, \$3.50 (You save \$2.) (You save 50c)

Please check if you would prefer to begin your subscription with No. 1 ☐ featuring Jean-Paul Sartre's *After Budapest* or No. 4 ☐ featuring Jack Kerouac's *Seattle Burlesque*. (Canadian and Foreign subscriptions; Eight issues, \$7; Four issues, \$4.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....C64

obscurely, from a heart attack on the streets of Moscow. Lara's fate is given in a fierce, laconic paragraph:

One day [she] went out and did not come back. She must have been arrested in the street at that time. She vanished without a trace and probably died somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list that afterwards got mislaid, in one of the innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north.

Like the best contemporary writers in the West, Pasternak rests his final hope on the idea that a good life constitutes a decisive example. People remember Zhivago. His half-brother, a mysterious power in the regime who ends as a gen-

eral in the war, has always helped Zhivago in the past; now he gathers up Zhivago's poems and prints them; apparently he is meant to suggest a hope that there remain a few men at the top of the Russian hierarchy who are accessible to moral claims. Other old friends, meeting at a time when "the relief and freedom expected at the end of the war" had not come but when "the portents of freedom filled the air," find that "this freedom of the soul was already there, as if that very evening the future had tangibly moved into the streets below them."

So the book ends—a book of truth and courage and beauty, a work of art toward which one's final response is nothing less than a feeling of reverence.

Culture and Anarchy

by Janet Winn

UNTIL just the other day, the art of the book review called for a certain amount of effort on the part of its practitioners. The reviewer was obliged not only to give the reader a sense, in a far too short space, of his own wit, charm and acumen; he had also to perform the difficult and tedious task of summarizing and paraphrasing the book's content, a function that took up a

The Cultured Man, by Ashley Montagu (World; \$3.75).

great deal of his time, and did nothing whatever to advance his reputation. Now, however, the reviewer need do none of these things; he need only to do as Mr. Walter Starkie does in his review (*Saturday Review*, July 26) of Ashley Montagu's new book, *The Cultured Man*. For in one brilliant stroke, Mr. Starkie has done away with all the reviewer's difficulties—if not with the reviewer himself. He simply makes the author do all the work. He does not, as you might suppose, merely carry the practice of quotation to some unheard of extreme. He does something far more unheard of. He quotes at every turn from Prof. Montagu's book, but in most cases, he carefully omits to place two inverted commas at the beginning and the end of the quotation. The reader, therefore, has no reason to suppose that Mr. Starkie is quoting from the book, when in fact he is,

since the reader has neither seen the book nor heard of Mr. Starkie's method.

When, for example, the reviewer remarks that:

Machines in replacing the labor of human beings diminish rather than increase the qualities of civilization and refinement, for the machine tends to coarsen rather than to refine the fiber of human existence; it tends to mechanize,

how is the reader to know that on page 27 of *The Cultured Man* he will find:

Machines, in replacing the labor of human beings, among their effects somehow manage to diminish rather than increase the qualities of civilization and refinement. The machine tends to coarsen rather than to refine the fiber of human existence; it tends quite simple to mechanize.

Mr. Starkie's entire review is done in this manner; there is scarcely a word in it that he doesn't call his own. For all that, it seems to me that the reviewer could have got a great deal more out of *The Cultured Man* than he appears to have got. He missed, for example, Dr. Montagu's shrewd observation that "No man can survive as an island entire of himself," thus depriving himself of the chance to stand not just one, but two steps removed from his source; not to mention all the opportunities for doing yet further violence to the Donne line.

Much also could have been made of the author's query: "Have you given hostages to fortune?"

This is not to say that Dr. Montagu pursues this habit with Mr. Starkie's zeal; he pursues it rarely. In most cases he acknowledges his sources with the greatest candor. For instance, when he observes that "To a very large extent parents determine the fate of their children by forming their personalities and outlook, hence, the critical position in which parents stand to their children and to the world," he straightaway directs the reader to a footnote reading: "See Ashley Montagu, *The Direction of Human Development*, Harper Brothers, New York, 1951." He does this rather a lot. Out of the book's 74 footnotes, 21 invite the reader to see Ashley Montagu.

I should explain that these footnotes appear in the last hundred or so pages of the book, appended to certain of the Answers the author gives for the Questions asked in his Culture Quotient Test—a test whereby the reader may ascertain his "status as a cultured person."

This examination, which contains 1,500 questions and answers of "knowledge" and "attitude," is by far the most interesting portion of *The Cultured Man*, and I'm surprised that Mr. Starkie paid it so little attention, noting merely that it was "instructive" and that the reader "will be fascinated by the author's snappy answers." The answers are indeed snappy; but there is more to it than that.

THE TEST, beyond revealing one's CQ, is further designed to "tell you . . . the kind of things the cultured person knows, thinks and feels" and to this end Dr. Montagu has divided his questions into groups of 30, each group on a different cultural subject, such as, Art, Music, History, Parent-Child Relationships, Sex Differences, etc. Let me cite, from a few of these categories, some examples of the cultured man's kind of knowledge and attitudes.

On *Music* Dr. Montagu asks "Why can't the English play jazz?" and the cultured man will reply: "The English can't play jazz because they lack that indefinable cultural quality known as 'oomph'." Also, the cultured man knows the play on which *Oklahoma!* was based, the play on which *My Fair Lady* was

based, and the composer of the work "Tea for Two."

On *Literary Curiosities* the cultured man can name two authors who suffered from serious skin disorders of the face.

On *Religion* the cultured man deplores the Old Testament attitudes toward women, finding them "lamentable." (The New Testament attitude "is a considerable improvement, but leaves much to be desired.")

On *The Facts of Life* the cultured man is aware that "Babies whose mothers have been addicts during pregnancy will be born as drug addicts, and will have to be treated much the same as addicts for their morphinism. . . ." (For he has read Ashley Montagu's "Constitutional and Prenatal Factors in Infant Child Health" in his book *Anthropology and Human Nature*.)

On *Marriage*: he will be married. ("If you are married you make take the full score. If not—unless the circumstances are extenuating—you may go to the corner of the room.")

On *History* he feels that "the teaching of history could be greatly improved by adding the anthropological and sociological as well as psychological dimensions to the analysis and presentation of the facts of history."

The cultured man, furthermore, never squeezes a boil. He dances, reads dictionaries and belongs to The American Civil Liberties Union; he knows the diameter of the sun and returns the books that he borrows; he belongs to a book club; he deplors "the crudities and violences of many TV programs for children," and the Greek attitude toward women; he protests against the testing of atom bombs; he is keen on ballet; he disbelieves in Original Sin, since "there is not the slightest evidence for it"; he knows who was the first person to win \$100,000 on a quiz program; he doesn't smoke.

He contemplates (I quote now from Dr. Montagu's introductory essay on "the marks of the cultured man") "with continued interest the mysteries of Life, Death, Love, Beauty, Mind, Genius, Creation, Time, Destiny, Character, The Sexes, Religion, God, Immortality, and the like"; he is seriously annoyed by "the continuous blasting from automobile horns that wedding caravans feel obliged to perpetrate"; furthermore he fears that "Western man

has become the solitary individual in the lonely crowd" and "a mere passive receptacle, a victim of the inexcusable vulgarities of the purveyors of popular distraction and the manipulations of 'hidden persuaders'"; but he would rather live in America than any place else; he likes eccentrics for their "interesting and off-beat minds"; he does *not* like the last lines of "Dover Beach," for they are "a piece of ineffectual melancholy, a confession of defeat to which the cultured man in his wisdom knows that it is stultifying to subscribe."

The cultured man, it seems safe to say, would not subscribe to another of Arnold's works: his *Culture and Anarchy*,

which contains no Test, and a definition of culture that makes little provision for the study of lonely crowds, serious skin disorders, "and the like," "culture being," as Arnold says:

. . . a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them staunchly, which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically.

A Hard Row to Hoe

by Wilma Dykeman

ONE of the most interesting and paradoxical relationships in the Southern racial situation has been and still is that between white women and their Negro maids. It is a relationship by turns intimate and inimical. The whites have too often betrayed themselves into believing that physical proximity automatically assures spiritual understanding, an error reflected in that stereotyped statement, "I know what the colored folks here want, my cook told me—"

That there seems to be a growing awareness on the part of the white majority that this assumption can no longer be considered absolute is perhaps one of

Willie Mae, by Elizabeth Kytte (Knopf; \$3.50).

the few encouraging aspects of the changing patterns of communication in the South. Slowly but perceptibly the gap between what the cook says at the big house and what she says at the big gate is narrowing. Slowly but perceptibly the mistress of the big house is being confronted with the realities which lie beyond the big gate.

One white native Southerner who has bridged this gap is Elizabeth Kytte. Born in Charleston, now living in Ohio, Mrs. Kytte became acquainted with Willie Mae Workman when the Kyttes were living in Georgia. Not content, as many employers are, with gleaning only

the vivid folk sayings and the colored dramas which abounded in Willie Mae's conversation and passing them on to amused dinner guests, Mr. Kytte sought to know and understand the everyday trials and satisfactions, the meanness which often hemmed in Willie Mae's life and the generosity which gave it hope. In Willie Mae's own first person language, the author has led her readers into sharing this life.

WILLIE MAE was born in Carroll County, Georgia. Her mother died when she was thirteen years old; her father remarried and the family lived first in Atlanta, then in Louisville, where her father was killed in a railway accident. Soon after, Willie Mae returned to Georgia where she spent the rest of her more than fifty years, mostly in Atlanta. At the opening of her story she is packing to leave forever. "It always has been a hard row to hoe for colored folks," she says, "but now Herman Talmadge has done got himself elected governor, it's the frying pan *and* the fire. One while here I thought things could get better, but now I know different. I'm solidly fed up."

As she packs, she remembers the ups and downs of her life, the kindnesses and cruelties, the good folks and the trash—white and colored. At the end she unpacks, determined to see that her child "learns how to vote if I have to

stand over her with a mop handle." She decides, "They say one swallow don't make a drunk, and I reckon even two Talmadges don't make a Georgia. This here Georgia's my home place too, and I ain't going to run out of it like a tuck-tail dog."

Willie Mae's life dramatizes much of the sociology of her region, from the "mob crowd" that murdered her brother, Lee, when he was twenty-one to the desperate little white wife who killed her husband with a hatchet while wearing the "pretty shepherd's plaid coat" she had borrowed from Willie Mae. Willie Mae's life is harried by the economics of race made specific and personal—from the first job she has as a child nursing a little white boy for a dollar and a half a week and her supper to take home ("toting the crooked arm," folks called it), to the white family who understood her hardships and paid the two hundred dollars funeral expenses when her sister died:

After that Dan [Willie Mae's husband] would go out there on Saturday evenings and cut the grass, keep the basement clean, wash the car, and all such as that, and never let them pay him a penny. We worked at things together, us and the Dukes.

But the sociology, the economics, the politics, are all implicit in Willie Mae's story. She accepts birth and death and is intimately acquainted with both. She knows hunger ("if you eat laundry starch, you don't be hungry for anything else much"), and humor, large losses and small gains—and from it all gathers unto herself a tough, resilient sort of wisdom. Mrs. Kytte has artfully transcribed the simple moving record of a life not unlike the lives of many Willie Maes.

Notes on Contributors

IRVING HOWE writes from Salzburg, where he read *Dr. Zhivago* from uncorrected page-proofs. He points out that his excerpts from the book may be different in their final form, and that the Appendix ("Poems of Zhivago") was not available for discussion here. DONALD HALL's poem will appear in his forthcoming Viking book, *The Dark Houses*. WILMA DYKEMAN is co-author, with James Stokely, of *Neither Black nor White*.

MOVIES

Made in England

by Stanley Kauffmann

IF THERE IS anything in the theatre more delightful than an exquisitely beautiful woman with a hilarious gift for comedy—which is to define Kay Kendall—it is probably too potent for public safety. Possibly a partial explanation of the strong effect is that the smug male ego is overwhelmed by the idea of a stunning woman being able to do any-

woman. One morning after a late night she comes hazily floating out of her bedroom in a negligee, and as she descends the three steps into the drawing room, she discovers an unexpected guest at the breakfast table. She just keeps descending until she is sitting on the steps. Please believe that, in describing it, I have not spoiled it for you.

The Reluctant Debutante (MGM). *A Tale of Two Cities* (Rank).

thing extremely well, but there is also something especially charming and subtly sexual in the fact that she can, of all things, make you laugh.

The Reluctant Debutante, the film in which Miss Kendall and her husband Rex Harrison can currently be seen, was written by William Douglas Home from his play of the same name and is, as a script, worth only the briefest summary. The stars play the English father and stepmother of a teen-age girl whom they try to launch in London society. She was reared in the States and is recalcitrant. After various misadventures, festooned with generally amusing dialogue, the girl escapes a pudding-ish Guards officer and is united with a good Amurrican (who turns out to be a duke). It is dexterously directed by Vincente Minnelli, and the excellent Metrocolor suggests that color films may be better off with controllable interiors than dreaming over landscapes. Miss Kendall's Balmain gowns will make the stodgiest foggy gasp.

From the moment her crescent-moon nose comes through the door into her husband's office, we are in Miss Kendall's power. Her slightly crazy *ambiance*, her luscious voice and speech, the very delicacy of the bones of her wrists and hands, all these serve one of the theatre's prime and serious functions: to give the audience someone to fall in love with. She is, moreover, a highly skilled professional, with more accent on the physical than one usually finds in comedienues. One sequence in this picture is the funniest single bit of comic action I have ever seen performed by a

During Ellen Terry's reign in the English theatre. James Barrie remarked that every young man proposed to his intended by saying, "Since I can't have Miss Terry, may I have you?" I do not equate the two actresses; but sensible youths may soon be using that line with the name Kendall substituted, and one hopes that their ladies will be flattered.

THE SUBJECT of Rex Harrison always makes me a little sad. I think he has one of the finest contemporary acting talents and I also think that, in considerable degree, he is wasting it. What superb performances he gave in *Major Barbara*, *Notorious Gentleman*, and *Anna and the King of Siam* (in which he left the subsequent Yul Brynner somewhere west of Suez). In the theatre his Henry the Eighth in Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of the Thousand Days* lifted that leaden play up from the floor by sheer artistic will and imagination; in spotty comedies like *Bell, Book and Candle* and *Love of Four Colonels* he still found ways to spin scintillating lacework across the stage.

But time gallops, and he has not yet measured himself against the parts of which he is capable. Where is he now? Still imprisoned, after two years, in a behemoth hit (currently at Drury Lane). True, it is a sort of Shaw and a good show, but when will he be free of it? And what will follow it? He has sufficient box-office appeal to do anything he chooses in the theatre and almost equivalent appeal at the movie box-office. Here is a man who could stand with Olivier and Gielgud but who takes few steps to get there. If only he were as ambitious for himself as his admirers are for him. Meanwhile, if he is to continue in this vein, using only the top

third of his remarkable voice and the top tenth of his talent, one hopes he will guard against little laugh-getting mannerisms like perplexed rubbings of his brow and breaking his voice upward.

Still this trifling picture is a treat for those interested in acting. We tend these days to take the value of a film or play from its literary or idea value, discounting the performances in it. I certainly am not plumping for a return to 19th-Century standards when acting was all and which, in the hundred years from the retirement of Sheridan to the arrival of Shaw, produced scarcely one play in English worth remembering. But acting is an art with its own esthetic and its own rewards, and it can exercise its magic, if it has to, on the flimsiest of bases. The two principal performances in this film are well worth seeing.

The daughter and the young man are played by Sandra Dee and John Saxon who can be praised only for their nerve in displaying their ineptitude in such company.

PARENTS of children in their early 'teens may be glad to know of a reasonably competent screen version of *A Tale of Two Cities*. This has always struck me as one of the best novels for early adolescence, ringing with idealism and providing moderately fearless looks into the dark side of the human soul and the truth of history. In this film Dirk Bogarde as Carton is a bit callow, neither as moving as Ronald Colman in the previous film nor James Donald in last year's TV version, but he is adequate. Dorothy Tutin, at the risk of impaling on her pretty chin the gentlemen at whom she gazes upward, is appropriately sweet and compassionate as Lucie. Stephen Murray, the Dr. Manette, is a touch too large-scale, too theatrical, for the camera; but Cecil Parker as Lorry and the ever-welcome Athene Seyler as Miss Pross help to hold things together. The crowd that takes the Bastille seems a bit skimpy, but perhaps the money saved on the supers was spent on the score by Richard Addinsell. If so, it was well worth it.

One question. Why didn't the star double the parts of Carton and Darnay? The mechanics of movies clearly permit it, but this chance for virtuoso display and greater credibility of plot was ignored.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

A Communication

(Continued from page 3)

and to come to terms with those currents. Halle likened events in China and the Middle East to the unification of Germany in the 19th Century and metaphorically proclaimed that the wise mountaineer moves out of the path of an avalanche and waits until it comes to rest before seeking a new place of repose. The basic "conservative" failure of American foreign policy came, he says, from this conservative tendency to view change as evil and to refuse to shift American support from corrupt governments to governments which have the support of the people. The conservatives, according to Halle, do not realize that events in the Middle East are the consequence of genuine civil wars and not of direct aggression. Therefore the United States should not support governments which cannot put down these internal revolts. Halle admits that outside forces do try to take advantage of these revolutionary situations, but contends that this always has been the case and does not affect the basic issues.

Halle undertakes his examination of the principles of foreign policy in terms of vague metaphors. We are regaled with avalanches, landslides, historic tendencies, conservative minds (undoubtedly as contrasted to good liberal minds), places of repose, movements of peoples, and so forth. One is given the image of some huge machine inexorably grinding to its ultimate destined conclusions. This quasi-Marxist preoccupation with inevitable tendencies or forces is somewhat disturbing. Undoubtedly an ordinary man climbing a mountain would do well to seek shelter from a landside rather than to attempt to thrust back the dirt and rocks. But it is rather difficult to believe that metaphoric landslides capture the essence of history or that the United States—still one of the two strongest nations on earth—is in the position of King Canute trying to turn back the tide.

History is full of tides that did ebb. One may remember Anne Lindberg's *The Wave of the Future*. And, indeed, that tide might have rolled on—particularly if the Japanese had not attacked Pearl Harbor. One can imagine, had just some minor differences characterized that unhappy period, the America First-

ers berating the failings of the "liberal mind" for refusing to accommodate itself to the historical and inevitable unification of Europe under Hitler. Suppose that the British had viewed Napoleon's tide as inevitable and had come to terms with the continental ruler. One need not multiply examples.

One hopes that Mr. Halle is somewhat on better ground in his discussion of the Middle East than in his discussion of China. He does not mention any particular reasons why the United States might have gained from coming to terms with the Chinese Communists. And one may wonder whether Communist victory was the only path through which Chinese nationalism could pursue its goals. Some remember with sadness, and even a sense of national shame, the

The First Issue

of

THE FIFTIES

a magazine of poetry and general opinion, is now available. Ten pages of Swedish, Danish and French poets with the original languages. American poems, essays, satires by writers of the Fifties. An interview with the head of *The New York Times Book Review*. 50c at Gotham Book Mart or write R. Bly, 65 Bedford Street, New York 14.

FREE BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

For current, rare, old or out-of-print books. Write for information or send list to Dept. R, Libertarian Bookman, Box 7709, Chicago 80, Illinois.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, P.O. Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

FREE! Writer's Market List!

If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write:

Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. NR
N. Y. 10, N. Y.

\$70 WEEKLY — home, spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income — easy! Auditax, 34757 DA, Los Angeles 34.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....	12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....	11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....	10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year.....	9c
Per word 52 times in one contract year.....	8c

NEW REPUBLIC

1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

critical period in which Li Tsung-jen was nominally President of nationalist China. With Communist troops at the Yangtze, a quite defensible line, but with insecure command of nationalist troops and with a difficult morale problem, Li appealed desperately for American aid if he held the line of the Yangtze. Despite Ambassador Stuart's energetic espousal of this request, the administration in Washington gave no encouragement and in the capital Dean Acheson rejected Senatorial requests for assistance with the claim that he did not want to "prolong the misery and suffering of the Chinese people." The White Paper on China later made the callous comment that Communists crossed the Yangtze with ridiculous ease although General Wedemeyer claimed that the Yangtze could have been held with broomsticks if the Chinese had had the will to fight.

Perhaps American policy toward China in 1949 can finally be explained on the "wave of the future" theory. Although I would not care to claim that

China could have been held south of the Yangtze, one cannot simply project from what did happen to what might have happened. In Li, China had at last got an honest, efficient, and prudent leader, willing to moderate his aims and to make some accommodation with other forces. But Sun in Canton and Chiang in Formosa interfered with his leadership, and the refusal of the United States to support him did not permit him to rally waverers to his cause. In this situation American support might have proved the catalyst, for often courageous intervention at the right moment turns the tide of battle and leads to a regrouping of forces. One need only ask how much the United States would give today for the opportunity to support a nationalist government under Li—or even under less auspicious leadership—south of the Yangtze, in the mere hope that it might hold, to understand what was surrendered then apparently on the "wave of history" thesis.

TODAY the tide is that of Arab nationalism. But Egypt is not Arab and Nasser is not Arab while Hussein is. And could any man have been a stronger Arab nationalist than Nuri es-Said? To deny the unstable base of governments in the area or the artificial nature of some of the entities would be foolish. But nothing was inevitable about the rise of Nasserism or the present extensive claims of Arab nationalism which include in the latest pronouncements, or calls to murder and revolt, Iran, Kenya, Tunisia, and Morocco.

Poverty, ignorance, corruption and feelings of helplessness, alternating with manic delusions of grandeur, undoubtedly contribute to a revolutionary ferment. And it would be difficult to deny that the Western nations have been less than astute in foreseeing the situation and in dealing with it. One need only remember General Hurley's report in 1944 on the Iranian situation which called attention to the explosive situation in that nation and the "messianic globalbaloney" notation which Acheson scrawled on that report. But this revolutionary situation did not inevitably have to produce Nasserism. There were other alternatives, and much of Nasser's success stems from the self-inflicted defeats which the democratic nations have suffered. Each victory by Nasser gains him the support of the mob and intimi-

dates the constructive forces in the area. Each bit of evidence that the United States will leave the area to its fate undermines the will of independent governments to govern and increases the desire to escape assassination. Mr. Halle's test of the ability to govern is not a simple test; the contextual situation enters into the calculation. To view Nasserism as the embodiment of Arab nationalism and to come to terms with it is to insure the inability to govern of every existing independent government in the area.

The concrete strategic situation cannot be discussed in terms of vague generalities. The fact that strong intervention at the right time may generate quite new forces does not mean that the right time is now or even that a right time will exist at any future time. I do not concede this but only wish to emphasize that the present discussion is not conclusive with respect to concrete policy alternatives. It is important, however, to recognize that historic waves are not mechanical forces and that human intervention may bring them to a halt or even act as a catalyst in producing quite new forces which bring other configurations of social and political change into play.

WITH respect to actual policy, it seems to me quite important to be more concerned with how regional confederation occurs than with the fact of regional confederation. One may contrast Nasserism with developments in Europe. One need not assert that the same level of political maturity can be expected in the Middle East, but unless the present methods of Nasser are halted, the gross effects are likely to be much greater and more dangerous than Mr. Halle appears to see.

This is not something to which the United States can safely accommodate itself, and it may be more important to explore the concrete alternatives than to indulge in judgments on the "conservative mind." This is a decisive period in which we must act or lose the opportunity to act. May I even suggest that one difficulty with recent American policy has been the tendency to wait until the rocks have fallen before seeking a place of repose?

MORTON A. KAPLAN

*Department of Political Science
University of Chicago.*

***The NR Competition
for younger writers***

***10 awards
\$100 each***

for

- The best essays on the state of American fiction
- The best essays on any aspect of present-day television

•

Length: 1500-3000 words

***Eligibility: writer must be
under 27***

Deadline: October 1, 1958

•

**Awards Department
The New Republic
1244 19th St., N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.**